

Willow Gone Wild

Crimson Rose

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Past due. Final Notice. Overdue. Second Notice. Credit cards maxed out. Bank account in the double digits. Willow was on the verge of losing everything and unemployment was just not cutting it anymore. Not that she wanted to continue collecting a fraction of her previous pay. Over the last three months she had put in nearly seventy applications, done thirty interviews over zoom and a dozen more to AI programs but nothing came from any of it. The lowest she had ever been, she briefly entertained becoming an escort or prostitute to make some fast cash, but the risk of getting an STD or attacked by a crazy John and possibly killed ended that notion just as quickly as it started. Scouring the internet, she considered becoming a webcam model. And while the money could be good, it took time to get paid and she needed something more immediate. Which is the only reason she called her best friend Monica.

"Hey Willow, what's up?" Monica answered the phone.

"I'm ready," Willow answered.

"Cool. For what?"

"To take you up on your offer of a job."

"Really? Damn! Hell froze over and I missed it. But seriously, are you sure you want to go that route? Don't get me wrong, I love the idea of you doing porn but you do remember that Sapphic Rose is a lesbian studio, right? That means you'll have to have sex with other women. Lots and lots of other women. You'll kiss them. Lick them. Finger them. Drink their orgasm. And so much more. And you'll have to do it with a smile. Can you do that, Willow? Because if you can't then I'm afraid I can't hire you."

"I understand what I'm getting myself into, but I'm out of options. Is the deal still the same? A five-year contract with a fifty-thousand-dollar sign-on bonus to be paid after my first shoot?"

"Only because your my best friend. But if you're that desperate for money and are looking for job security why not go all in?"

"Meaning?"

"Meaning you can sign the five-year, fifty-thousand-dollar contract, a ten-year, one hundred and fifty thousand dollar one. Or a twenty-year contract with a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar sign-on bonus that'll keep you working into your forties. Personally, if I were in your place that's the one I'd pick. And not just because I want to see you doing porn for the next two decades. If there's one thing people love it's a cougar and Willow, you're going to be one sexy ass cougar. So, what'll it be? Five, ten or twenty years?"

"I'm not sure I want to spend twenty years doing lesbian porn so can I take five and see how that goes first?"

"Of course. But you only get one sign-on bonus."

"Even your best friend?"

"Sorry, babe, but I can't pick favorites even for you."

"Shit!"

"How much money do you need to catch up and put aside for the next few months?"

"I need about eleven grand to break even and then another eight to get me through the next three months."

"So, rounding off you need twenty thousand? If you don't want to do porn for twenty years then go for five and once you've been tested and cleared to perform I'll schedule a shoot and you'll get your bonus."

“And how long will that take?”

“Unfortunately, it’ll take a few weeks. And before you ask, no, I cannot let you skip the tests just because we’re friends. But what I can do is invite you to my place tonight for a little one on one action in my dungeon for which I’ll pay you the twenty thousand you need for the next few months. It will be recorded, of course, and will be sold all over the internet as your first ever porn shoot, but think of it more like a test to see if you really can have sex with other women.”

“When you say dungeon...”

“I mean just that, Willow. You’ve seen those shitty fifty shades movies. Well, mine puts those to shame. For the duration of the shoot you’ll play the part of submissive and I’ll be the Mistress. If that goes well and you’re a good girl I might even flip roles and let you do the dominating.”

“Ten thousand? How long?”

“Let’s see... it’s eleven now so if you can make it here by noon we’ll go until midnight with a few breaks to catch our breath and grab a bite to eat.”

“I’ll be there in thirty. Do I need to bring anything?”

“Just your sexy self.”

“Then I’ll see you in a bit. And Monica, if this goes well I’ll do twenty.” And with that, Willow hung up and forcefully exhaled. “Fuck me!” she exclaimed. “I can’t believe I just did that,” she said, putting her hand on her chest to feel her racing heart. “I’m going to have sex with my best friend. Lesbian sex. I’m going to be her submissive?” *The things desperate people do for money*, she thought as she grabbed the keys from the hook by the front door.

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“You’re late,” Monica grinned as she let her best friend in.

“I said thirty minutes.”

“I know. It’s been thirty-three.”

“I can leave.”

“No you can’t. I mean, you can but then you won’t get to experience the pleasures of lesbian sex and submission. You also won’t get paid. Speaking of which, I’d like to sweeten the deal. You need twenty grand, right? If you’re willing to be my sex slave until midnight that’s what you’ll be paid.”

“I’ve already agreed to be your submissive. What’s the difference?”

“Oh babe! So much. How best to put it? Basically, the biggest difference is that submissives have limits and can use safeword and are still human beings. Sex slaves, on the other hand, have none of that. They are nothing more than an object to be used by their owner. Their only purpose to please and obey. They have no limits whatsoever and may not use safewords.”

“I see. So, if I agree to be your slave then you can do whatever you want to me?”

“As long as it’s legal. I’m not going to command you to have sex with a dog, or your family or to go out and rob a bank if that’s what you’re worried about. But if it’s a legal fetish it’s on the table.”

“That sounds like a huge step up from being submissive.”

“Which is why I’m willing to double the price.”

“Seeing as how you can do absolutely anything to me whether I like it or not I think fifty grand is more appropriate.”

“Fifty? Only if you agree to be my sex slave for a week.”

“The weekend,” Willow countered. From now to midnight Sunday.”

“Deal. Before we sign the paperwork and head to the dungeon I want you to be damn sure this is what you want and can handle for three days because if you back out earlier you won’t be paid a penny and the deal to hire you on at the studio will be taken off the table and never offer again. If you understand and accept those terms then say yes Mistress. And if not then say anything else.”

“Before I give you an answer either way can I ask a favor?”

“You may ask, but as my sex slave I can’t make any promises.”

“Two things. First, I want this to remain between us until I’m ready to let others know. And second, I know I’m giving myself to you completely and allowing you to do whatever you like to me, but will you please keep any marks to areas easily covered with clothes?”

“As to the first request, I can agree to that but can’t prevent anyone at the studio from spilling the beans. As for any marks that I may put on your body, I’ll do my best to avoid the extremities.”

“I guess that’s the best I can ask for.”

“Anything else?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Ask away.”

“Now, I mean yes Mistress. I’m agreeing to your terms.”

“Okay then. Let’s head to the office to get the paperwork out of the way. And just to make it interesting I’d like you to follow me naked and on all fours.”

“Um, are your dogs in the house?”

“Nope, they’re outside. Why? Do you want them to fuck you?” Monica teased.

“NO! Even if it is legal, and it is legal in New Mexico believe it or not, I have no desire whatsoever to get fucked by an animal. Besides, you already swore you’d never make me do it.”

“You’re right, I did say that. And I stick by it because I’m not interested either but I want to know how you know that it isn’t illegal here.”

“Someone told me it was legal and I didn’t believe them,” Willow said as she pulled her baby blue tee shirt off over her head. “so I went home and looked it up and sure enough there are actually five states where it’s legal to have sex with animals.” Dropping her bra on the carpeted floor, she unbuttoned her jeans. “But then I’m not the one with two large male dogs. Something you’d like to tell me?”

“I’m going to thoroughly enjoy using you as my sex slave.”

“I’m sure you will, but that’s not what I meant.”

“I do not have sex with my dogs and have no interest in having sex with my dogs or any other animals for that matter. I got them for protection and company, not sex. But I think you’ve given me a direction to take your training this weekend.”

“I am not having sex with your dogs,” Willow stated matter of fact as she stepped out of pants and panties. Her socks quickly followed and then she got down on all fours.”

“I don’t want you to have sex with my dogs, Willow, but I do want you to be my bitch in training. I’ll explain as we walk. By bitch in training I mean you’ll be my petgirl. You’ll dress the part, remain on all fours at all times, eat and drink from bowls and bark in reply unless given permission to speak, For the rest of the weekend the only things you’ll do as a human are shower, brush your teeth and use the toilet.” Opening her office door Monica allowed her new pet to enter first.

“Um, what about your dogs? If I’m on all fours naked around them they might try mounting me.”

“We’ll be spending most of our time in the bedroom and dungeon but even when we’re in other parts of the house they stay outside most of the time so I don’t think you have to worry. Besides, I’m naked around them all the time and they’ve never tried anything sexual. Same with several mutual friends and ladies from the studio,” Monica continued the lie. In truth she had them trained to only lick or mount on command, but she was not prepared to share that darker side of her life with her best friend. “Okay, I just need to make a few changes to one of the contracts but while I do that you can start with the waivers and consent forms. Make sure to read them carefully and thoroughly and if you have any questions you’ve got permission to ask.”